THE LAY

OF

JOHN HAROLDSON.

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

PHILADELPHIA:
1866.

EDITION SIXTY-THREE COPIES.

No.

TO

JOHN

THIS WORK

IS

MOST APPROPRIATELY

DEDICATED.

"THE undersigned begs leave to inform the citizens of Selma, that he has established a nitre manufactory in the vicinity of the city. He most respectfully requests the ladies and heads of families to reserve for him all their chamber lye. Wagons with barrels will go round the city each morning to carry off the same.

"JOHN HAROLDSON."

ON seeing the above advertisement in the "Selma (Ala.) Gazette," the following lines were written by a rebel officer, then a prisoner of war at Johnson's Island.

I.

John Haroldson, John Haroldson,
You are a funny creature!
You've given to this cruel war
A new and useful feature.
You let us know, while every man
Is bound to be a fighter,
The women, bless them! must be put
To making lots of nitre.

II.

John Haroldson, John Haroldson,
  Where did you get the notion
Of sending barrels round the streets
  To gather up the lotion?
I thought the ladies did enough
  In sewing shirts and kissing;
But you must put the lovely dears
  To patriotic p——g.

III.

John Haroldson, John Haroldson,
  Can't you suggest a neater
And somewhat less immodest way
  Of making your saltpetre?
Indeed, the thing's so very odd,
  Gunpowder-like, and cranky,
That when a woman lifts her shift
  She shoots a bloody Yankee.

IV.

John Haroldson, John Haroldson,
You call beyond all reason!
What! would you work the lovely dears
Both in and out of season?
It is enough they bear our sons;
But you would call still louder.
Not only must they find the men,
But also furnish powder.

V.

John Haroldson, John Haroldson,
 The savior of secession.
Your genius hath devised a way
 To meet such great oppression.
Let Bragg retire; let Yankees take
 The whole of Tennessee.
In all the land sure none can find
 Saltpetre-caves like thee!

VI.

John Haroldson, John Haroldson,
    True, by this novel feature,
You've made the woman of the south
    A doubly curious creature:
Nobly she bears our sons; and then,
    Our enemies to kill,
She quickly doth herself convert
    Into a powder-mill.

VII.

John Haroldson, John Haroldson,
  Your name shall live in story;
Saltpetre-caves your genius finds
  Exhaustless, migratory.
When you retire, they lead the way,
  In double ranks or single,
And never halt 'til in the Gulf
  Their chamber-lye they mingle.